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PATRIOTISM,

A

MOCK-HEROIC.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Behold thy Gods, O Israel!

1 KINGS.

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CANTO I.

'TWAS Night; the Voice of Jollity was hush'd,
Doz'd all her Vot'ries, reasonably flush'd;
Song, Argument, Invention, Laughter, Jest,
Wit, Bawdry, Criticism, sunk to rest:
Scandal had empty'd all his Tub on BUTE,
Abuse of *Royalty* itself was mute.
Sleep in his pleasing Bands had all things ty'd,
All but the Eyes of disappointed PRIDE.

She lay revolving in her anxious mind,
How *Reſignation* had too much reſign'd;
That Places were diſpens'd as others will'd,
Made vacant ſome, and Vacancies were fill'd;
New Stateſmen at the Helm uſurp'd her Trade,
And glibly ſail'd the Ship without her Aid.
Seeking Repoſe from Side to Side ſhe flings,
No Change of Poſture Pauſe of Anguiſh brings.
Each grinding Thought Alleviation ſcorns,
And ſharpens all the Gooſe-down into Thorns.

Forth from the loathed Bed in haſte ſhe flew,
And round her weary'd Limbs her Veſtments threw.
Enwrought with Gold, in Lelac Purple dy'd,
The Velvet eas'd her endleſs Length of Side.
Two calveleſs Bags of Silk then ſtretch'd to ſee
If they could reach from Heel to diſtant Knee.

Next Splay-foot Shoes ſhe to her Inſteps girt,
Shoes which diſdain'd, yet ſtill were doom'd to Dirt;
Her Thigh ſuſtain'd a Sword unknown to War,
And beam'd upon her Breaſt a Silver Star,
Whoſe Rays with magic Influence could warm
Almoſt to Conſequence the languid Form.

Accoutred thus, forth of her Doors ſhe went,
And her dark Viſit was to FACTION bent;
Reſolv'd, like Heav'n-rejected *Saul*, to try
What Counſel t'other Party might ſupply.
Onward ſhe ſtrides, impatient of Delay,
Flound'ring thro' ev'ry Kennel in her Way;
Save that at *Charing-croſs* ſhe ſlack'd her Tread,
And thought ſhe ſaw poor *Charles* without his Head.
Re-haſt'ning on thro' the long *Strand* ſhe came,
Then paſs'd the *Temple*, and ador'd its Name;

Now reach'd St. *Paul's*, and bleſs'd the Lord that there
Tho' He was prais'd, 'twas with unwilling Pray'r.
Next in a grateful Rapture ſtretch'd to *Bow*,
And heard th' *unmuffled* Tongue of Night ſtrike Two.
Acknowledging the Omen, ſhe advanc'd,
While ſudden Vigour thro' each Sinew danc'd.

High on a hundred Columns, whoſe dead Weight
Preſſes the ruſtic Baſe in aukward State,
Where hardly they ſuſtain, their Shafts unbent,
The Load of Cornice, and of Pediment
Which rough with Sculpture in ſtrong Emblem clad,
Tells us, That Riches make a City mad;
The pond'rous Manſion-houſe of FACTION ſtands,
Rais'd by o'er-reaching Heads and griping Hands.

Before

Before the Gate, a Giant fierce and fell,
Stalk'd *Oppoſition*, dreadful Centinel!
And *Who goes there*, he cry'd, *yourſelf explain*;
A Friend, ſhe ſaid, *to Denmark, not the Dane.*
Her well-known Voice he recollected ſtrait,
Quick every Bolt ſhoots backward on the Gate,
Bolts to endure which never own'd the Pow'r,
But only made to ſerve the preſent Hour,
And yet the very beſt, for Strength and Size,
The Blackſmith's *Place* and *Penſion* could deviſe.

Of canker'd Braſs and ruſty Ir'n each Door,
Stood maſſive, ſpirtled thick with human Gore,
Which Popularity for ever draws
From Fools, in Patriot-Rebellion's Cauſe.
Open they burſt, with deſperate Recoil,
The jarring Hinges ſcream for want of Oil,

Loud and diſcordant, as when Civil Rage
Incites two kindred Armies to engage.
Near *Ayleſbury* firſt caught the horrid Sound,
And echo'd all its Terrors with rebound,
Concord at diſtant *Stowe* perceiv'd the Yell,
While down her ill-adapted Vizor fell;
Extremeſt *Exeter* rock'd to the Noiſe,
And aided its hoarſe Thunder with her Voice:
At once her Cyders four, and all around
Her Apple-bloſſoms ſtrew the bluſhing Ground.

And now, where yawn'd the Portal rude and vaſt,
To FACTION's Reſidence the Goddeſs paſt.
Cloſe to the Door, in the firſt Veſtibule,
Sat *Clamour*, *Riot*, *Inſult*, and *Miſrule*,
Stern *Menace*, *Licence* grown to dang'rous ſize,
Reproach, and an Infinitude of *Lyes*.

A thouſand

A thouſand Voices bellow through the Room,
A thouſand Echoes clatter 'gainſt the Dome;
Copious, but unconnected Eloquence,
Words of fierce Import, but of little Senſe;
Not meant to mean, and therefore to appear
More irritative to the vulgar Ear.
There might be heard, 'midſt other piercing Cries,
Liberty! Property! and no Exciſe!
Of *Magna Charta* the more dreadful Roar;
Prerogative, and arbitrary Pow'r---:
There *Habeas-corpus* howl'd, from Jail broke looſe,
Slav'ry, and Privilege, and wooden Shoes---
Corruption, Favourites, and no Addreſs---
And uncontroul'd the Licence of the Preſs:
Sounds that all Senſe of Order could eraſe,
But get the Man, who breaks thro' all, a Place.

Stun'd with the deaf'ning Peal she pass'd along,
(Yet passing would caress the friendly Throng)
Thro' vast Saloons which spoke *May'r-royal* State,
Rich without Taste, and without Grandeur, great.
Yet here the Chissel and the Pencil strove
Best to record the Objects of Mob-love.
Tribunes, and Ephori, and Demagogues,
By Men call'd Patriots, but by Gods plain Rogues;
Such as, provided they themselves grew great,
Had no Objection to subvert a State.
Nor wanted here each dirty, dreadful Job,
That *Faction* perpetrates to please the Mob.
To please the Mob, here mighty *Strafford* bled,
And *Laud* laid down his venerable head.
To please the Mob, *Byng* stains the blushing Deep,
And *Blakeney* earns a Peerage in his Sleep.

To

To pleaſe the Mob, our Fleets their Canvas ſtrain,
And Expeditions hide the wond'ring Main,
The Main more wond'ring wafts us back, alas!
Thin'd from the Wars of *Rochfort* and *St. Cas*:
What matter? ſince Defeat our Joy inſpires,
And *Caſſel* loſt can light a thouſand Fires.
By having pleas'd the Mob, here *Cromwell* ſtood,
And ſhew'd how private thrives by public Good;
And might have ſhewn us Gulls, if Gulls could ſee,
That *Slav'ry* tracks th' Abuſe of *Liberty*.
Confeſs'd at length the Patriot-Tyrant reign'd,
And ſnapt that Freedom *Charles* had only ſtrain'd.
Hampden was here, in his *Eidolon* here,
A would-be Tutor to the Royal Heir,
But he himſelf dwells in the Fields of Fame,
Wedded to Liberty's immortal Name.

And here in Tints more recent might be view'd,
Inſtructive Picture of Court Gratitude!
How round their Sov'reign his great Servants ſtand,
While fierce *Rebellion* gores the bleeding Land;
Faith, Honour, Duty, Loyalty, the Laws,
Urge them, no doubt, to periſh in his Cauſe?
No, but to ſerve with *Granville* they refuſe;
So great a Crime in Monarchs 'tis, to *chuſe!*
A hundred other equal Deeds appear,
Nay, half the *Engliſh* Hiſtory was here.
While, over all the reſt, conſpicuous ſhines
Old *Sarah*'s Legacy in Golden Lines.

Around in leſs Compartments were beſtow'd
Of underling Incendiaries a Crowd,
Such as employ'd the Pulpit or the Preſs,
T'enforce the Doctrines of Licentiouſneſs;

Here *Party* canoniz'd ſuch Denizens,
Whoſe Ears had paid the Forfeit of their Pens;
And while in all her glaring Daub ſhe paints,
Villains grow Heroes, Scoundrels turn to Saints.

Our Goddeſs midſt the reſt herſelf deſcry'd,
Mix'd with the Leaders of the *other Side*;
" And, ah! ſhe ſaid, the very Walls can trace,
" How often we change Principles for Place."

END OF CANTO I.

PATRIOTISM,

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CANTO II.

IN the Receſs of ſomething like a Tomb,
Which *Architecture*, (ſick of *Greece* and *Rome*,
And copying what never was at all,)
Is pleas'd to chriſten an *Egyptian Hall*;
Our Goddeſs, whom She ſought, at length ſurvey'd,
In anti-kingly Majeſty array'd.
Buſy ſhe found Him in this ſolemn place,
At ſolemn Sacrifice, with ſolemn Face.

He but to *Commerce* ſcorn'd to pour a Pray'r,
No other Deity employ'd his Care;
All other Altars ſtood inconſecrate,
For her's no Offering was too pure or great.

Of ſolid Gold, and of enormous ſize,
Yet not ſo big her Belly as her Eyes,
She ſtood; and ſeem'd as ſhe would hide the Globe
Beneath the Drap'ry of her flowing Robe.
Faſt by, with full Extent of Gullet grac'd,
Her Attribute, the *Cormorant*, was plac'd.

The Victims He had taken Care to cull,
All without Blemiſh, all of blackeſt Wool,
All newly bought, all newly flay'd alive,
A Decatomb, of Negro Slaves twice five.

He

He on their reeking Muſcles, red and blue,
Sharp Vinegar, with Salt and Pepper, threw;
They writh with Pain convolv'd. As when to cram
Some Citizen's unfathomable Wem,
The Turtle, riven with his Mail, poor Fiſh!
Perceives himſelf begin to grow a Diſh;
Convuls'd, each undulating Fibre plays
In Waves of Agony a thouſand ways.
So fixt the inextinguiſhable Soul,
That dreſs'd, perhaps he feels thy teeth, K**.

The Goddeſs, no Confuſion to create,
Impatient as ſhe was, thought fit to wait:
Civilities are ne'er ſo duly paid
To any Folks, as when we want their Aid.
The Ceremony, with Obſervance meek
She 'tended, and when done, began to ſpeak.

" Oh

" O Thou! for whom and from whom I was form'd,
" Whoſe Counſel moulded, and whoſe Spirit warm'd,
" To whom originally 'tis I owe
" Theſe purple Honours, which around me glow,
" To Thee I come my Sorrows to impart;
" Reſt ſhuns theſe Eyes, and Care corrodes this Heart:
" Do thou aſſiſt, in this Conjunction nice,
" Me and the Party with thy ſage Advice.
" Thus far, indeed, Succeſs has crown'd our Arms,
" BUTE quits; nor ſhaken with our fierce Alarms,
" For who our Roar and Riot would regard,
" That in his Conſcience ſeeks for his Reward?
" But that the honeſt Fool had fix'd before
" To make his fav'rite Peace, and throw up Pow'r.
" When he like *Phineas* in the Gap had ſtood,
" To ſave the People, and had ſtaunch'd their Blood,

" He knew how incompatible muſt prove,
" To ſerve them, yet retain their fickle Love.
" While we play'd ſafe, Dupe of Benevolence!
" He ſtop'd the Plague, and at his own Expence,
" For public Quiet, yielding up that Rein
" We quitted, only to reſume again.
" But what are we the better than before?
" Our empty Niches know us all no more;
" Still the State Truncheon flys our eager Graſp,
" And Calumny is at its lateſt Gaſp.
" What to do next! Inſult can do no more,
" Higher than *Forty-five* it cannot ſoar,
" Where, to full Pitch of ſturdy Vigour grown,
" It fairly gives the Lye home to the T----e:
" Nothing remains which farther we can drive,
" Or *Forty-eight* comes next to *Forty-five*.

" Then

" Then ſhall we idly ſit, hand-cuff'd and dumb,
" And let Truth work, and purge away the Scum
" We have fermented? let the Droſs deject,
" Till its clear Boſom ſhall all Heav'n reflect?
" Forbid it Fate! forbid it ev'ry Boaſt
" We've made to ruin, or to rule the Roaſt!

" We muſt and will have All; but how to ſeize,
" To ſpill the Cyder, or cut down the Trees,
" More Suits at Law commence, more Papers write,
" To give more Dinners, and more Gueſts invite,
" Or the deep, fatal Train to touch with Flame,
" And fire all *Ayleſbury* and *Buckingham*,
" I come to aſk; thy Counſel be my Guide."
She ſaid, and FACTION to her thus reply'd.

" To raiſe the Mob by Maſter-Strokes of Art,
" Inflame the Paſſions, and miſlead the Heart,
" Make happy Subjects ſurfeit on their Eaſe,
" Repine at Bleſſings, and grow ſick of Peace,----
" To pour the Multitude which way we liſt,
" And ere they're injur'd, ſet them to reſiſt,
" Halloo them on, to roar with frantic Zeal,
" Againſt Oppreſſions which no Soul can feel,
" Till they deſire to ſpill their deſp'rate Lives,
" For Printers' 'Prentices' Prerogatives;----
" To bid a little River flow along
" The ſole Criterion to know Right from Wrong,
" With ev'ry Laſh of Infamy impel
" The farther Side, becauſe it *won't* rebel,----
" On all who dare imply we do amiſs,
" Point ready Obloquy's inſulting Hiſs;

" Hold

" Hold up, in whomſoe'er we diſapprove,
" (And that means all who ſhare their Maſter's Love)
" Virtue or Genius, like th' Athenian Owl,
" To the blunt Peck of ev'ry other Fowl;
" All the Humanity of BUTE to blot,
" And all thy Candour, MANSFIELD, ſink in *Scot*;---
" Recaſt the Royal Virtues, which before
" The Nation worſhipp'd, and cry down the Ore,
" To teach the People this indulgent Reign,
" With ev'ry Charge of Tyranny to ſtain,
" To ſwallow any Contradiction down,
" In *Antonine*'s mild Look fear *Nero*'s Frown,
" Wreſt his Intention, and diſtort each Fact,
" And lend them Treaſon till they long to act---
" The Prince againſt his Counſellors to move,
" And while we only ſeem to beg, reprove,

" In

" In Terms of Duty wrap each boiſt'rous Deed,
" Kneel while we ſtab, and libel while we plead,
" FACTION has Pow'r; nay, has already done,
" And yet but little of our Courſe we've run,
" Much ſtill remains; and we muſt tug and ſtrive
" Ere the great Days of Anarchy revive:
" A watchful Eye is over all our Game,
" And while it ſeems to wink, but takes its Aim.

" Oh! had but Fate to HALIFAX decreed
" His Seat of Birth on t'other Side the *Tweed!*
" Had ſome bleak Shire, of Penury the Reign,
" More ſtarv'd than *Famine*'s *Prophecy* can feign,
" But giv'n him Title, in the gen'ral Ban,
" We with the Country, had o'erwhelm'd the Man;
" There like *Enceladus* he'd lain oppreſs'd,
" With half an Iſland bearing on his Breaſt.

" But now, upon ſo high a Baſis plac'd,
" We're forc'd to leave his Merit undefac'd;
" Out of our Reach, and mocking of our Aim,
" The perfect Statue reſts without a Maim.
" But could we hope his Virtues to decry,
" And ſhew them blighted to the People's Eye;
" Would not *Ierne* all their Bloom renew,
" And call the bluſhing Honours freſh in View?
" Recount, how Lenity to Prudence join'd
" Shone the Reflexion of his Sender's Mind;
" How form'd to win by ev'ry honeſt Art,
" Bleſs'd by each Voice, and Lord of ev'ry Heart;
" Yet, when a Nation preſs'd him to receive
" All that a Nation's Gratitude could give,
" The ſtrong Allure of Int'reſt he withſtood,
" Above Reward, and paid by, doing good?

" Here

" Here then we ſtick; but ſtill of Hope a Gleam
" Points thro' the duſky Thought its trembling Beam,
" The Deities, from Heav'n ſelf-exil'd, meet
" At a grand Council, and a grander Treat,
" To-morrow. Such AMBITION's high Beheſt,
" And FOLLY does the Honours of the Feaſt.
" Be there, the beſt Advice ſure to receive,
" If Multitude of Counſellors can give:
" Till then beneath this Roof remain my Gueſt,
" 'Tis Break of Day, and Time to go to reſt."

So ſaying, her Attendants ſhe bid ſpread
For her great Viſitant the lofty Bed.
And firſt the Fox's Skin began the Pile,
Next of the Bear was ſpread the ſhaggy Spoil,

And

And over that the Lion's tawny Hide

Finish'd the whole for disappointed PRIDE.

There ev'ry Pore, as she extended laid,

Imbib'd Instruction from the mystic Bed.

END OF CANTO II.

PATRIOTISM,

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CANTO III.

OH for the warning Voice of Him who ſaw
What Ruin continental Meaſures draw,
What Time by perjurable *Styx* he ſwore
To waſte on them nor Man nor Guinea more;
That yet the People, made in Time aware,
Might haply 'ſcape *Sedition*'s dang'rous Snare!

For now the rolling Hours brought on, too ſoon!
The Day, whoſe Morn as uſual roſe at Noon,

Wherein th' Arch-Enemy to Peace began
To meet in deep Conſult her dark Divan:
The Sun conceal'd in Fogs his ſullen Ray,
And dreadful Omens uſher'd in the Day.

Forth from his *G---ge-S---t* Airy upwards ſprings
The fierce *North-Briton* on audacious Wings;
Th' encumber'd Air could ſcarce ſuſtain this Fowl,
Which dares an Eagle, tho' it *looks an Owl.
Undazzled he beholds the tow'ring Height,
And to Olympus lifts his deſp'rate Flight.

Next him uproſe, and of as bad Portent,
On Wings, ah Pity! by the Muſes lent,
A Black-bird erſt in ſober Liv'ry dreſt,
Now Party-colour'd Plumage ſtains his Breaſt;

* See HOGARTH.

Paſſion had chang'd his old Appearance meek,
And arm'd his Talons, and hook'd down his Beak:
His Pinion ſtrong, if Dirt depreſs'd it not,
And ſweet his Throat would it cry aught but *Scot*---
Neglected ſoon we let the Parrot roar,
Whoſe Dictionary knows but Rogue and Whore.

Of lower Flight, ſcarce hov'ring from the Ground,
The *Monitor* his leſſer Circle wound;
The Vultur he, of old whom *Jove* ſevere,
(That *Jove* who would direct this nether Sphere,)
Ordain'd thro' *H---d*'s Sides to bore his Way,
And on his growing Vitals weekly prey.

And theſe behind, with boding, croaking Cry,
The *Contraſt* ſeem'd to flutter, not to fly.

While

While hopp'd on either Side, pert, noiſy, light,
The Magpye *Gazetteer*, half black, half white.

Around, on ev'ry Part, whole Flocks aroſe
Of Rooks and Ravens, Chronicles and Crows;
Fann'd by innumerable Pens, the Sky
Of Printer's Ink aſſum'd the ſable Dye.

Now prone from his Meridian, when the Sun
Had more than half his Evening Journey run,
And FOLLY's Board, loaded almoſt to break,
Had well nigh cool'd her ſav'ry Steam; to ſpeak
Thrice PRIDE eſſay'd; but from her Elbow Chair
As oft AMBITION nodded to forbear:
She ſtopp'd, ſo wont t' obey. And now each Gueſt
Perceiv'd that Nature wanted to digeſt.

Juſt then a hundred Servants croud the Space,
Who ne'er ſaw Wages but in Shape of Place,
And up they pile the vaſt Deſert in Air;
(The Plate of Gold by Rule of Court was there)
Where *Robinſon* had play'd his Maſter Part,
And in one Job exhauſted all the Art.

High in the midſt of the whole Fabric rais'd,
A Barley-ſugar Miniſter was plac'd,
His Comfit Promiſes who round him throws
On Dreſden-China Courtiers rang'd in Rows.
So juſt the Artiſt did his Skill diſplay,
Ev'n in the Gift they ſeem'd to melt away.

Cloſe at his Side, and wond'ring ſhe was ſweet,
Juſtice no longer ſtern, poſſeſs'd her Seat:

The

The Maſter had her Likeneſs hit ſo pat,
You'd ſwear ſhe was the Siſter of J---e *P---t.*

Beneath in Sugar, as in Crime, combin'd,
Were HALIFAX and EGREMONT deſign'd:
The noble Robbers ſtood in flagrant Act,
A ſtol'n Braſs Candleſtick confeſs'd the Fact.

And oppoſite in *Naples* Biſcuit roſe,
Whoſe Moat in Green and Silver Tiſſue flows,
The guilty Tow'r of *Julius*; all around
In Orange-peel its dreadful Warders frown'd,
And ſeem'd to tread, Sight horrid and unmeet!
A Wafer MAGNA-CHARTA under Feet.

There round a Chariot, thro' the parted Throng,
In Bronze the threat'ning Bruiſers march'd along;

The

The decent Mob, ſuch Fear within them dwelt,
Retire to Diſtance, and forbear to pelt.

Here, in the Front, was form'd a ſumptuous Feaſt,
And ſeem'd both great and amiable the Gueſt;
Giv'n to whoſe Name the outward Form appear'd,
But the ſly Honours at another leer'd.
Th' immenſe Pile ſtood compleat; the whole to ſhape,
Quite round the ruddy Apple mourn'd in Crape.
All prais'd the Hand, and the Deſign admir'd,
Warm'd as they gaz'd, but when they taſted, fir'd.

Now *Loyalty* begins the ſacred Health,
On which *Sedition* only creeps by Stealth:
The Toaſts, ſtill as they wander from their Source,
Shew more evanid its diluted Force.

As

As when, all-graceful MARLBOROUGH, your Dreſs
Tell us that *Ranelagh* you mean to bleſs,
While down your perfect Form in Rainbow Rows,
The Luteſtring Stripe with gay Confuſion flows;
The Point inſenſible, (the Diff'rence ſeen)
Where Purple ſteals to Yellow, or to Green:
We find, deluded thro' the varying Silks,
That what commenc'd with G--- concludes with W---

I truſt that Heav'n the *Thracian* did deſtroy,
Pervertor firſt of Toaſting, born to Joy,
Who mingled Int'reſt with the Flow of Soul,
And daſh'd with Party, Friendſhip's ſmiling Bowl.
Menace and fell Revenge lurk to be quaff'd
In the foul Bottom of the dang'rous Draught.

At Folly's Board no Miſchief ſtalk'd behind,
For People out of Place are of one Mind,
Jointly they hunt; but Diff'rence and Debate
Come when they ſhare the Bear's-ſkin of the State.

And now in general Diſcourſe they join,
So tipſy with the Healths, not with the Wine,
That Cuſtom, Reaſon, Fact, are chang'd and chopp'd,
To all that Modern Patriots adopt.
All ſpoke, and all advis'd a thouſand Things,
To buoy up Citizens and weigh down Kings;
And ſome direct the Matter how to mince,
And mean by evil Counſellors, the Prince,
How turn Militia to a Counter-Guard,
And while diſbanded Valour they reward,
(Humanity can never be a Crime,)
They keep it ready till a proper Time.

Some

Some mourn the Injuries They groan beneath,
Who owe to Courts the very Air they breathe,
Who, one ſmall Boon deny'd, thoſe Courts reſiſt,
And but for that, that only, are diſmiſs'd:
As to paſt Favours---ſtaunch State-Atheiſts ſay,
Duty, the Soul, dies with its Body, Pay.
Some tell the ready way on Mobs t' impoſe,
Whoſe Sight extends no farther than their Noſe.
To whom Conviction never found its Way,
They ſtill believe the P-----y of the Day.
Others advance how Squabbles make us great,
And cutting Throats adds Sinews to a State.
What Profits burgeon from domeſtic Jars,
And all the Bleſſings ſhow'r'd on Civil Wars:
The Song was partial, yet it took the Ear
Of all who ſought their Thouſand Pounds a Year.

When Folly, to give Order to Debate,
Stood up a mighty Driveller of State,
Ridiculouſly grand, her Cap and Bells
Important Inſignificance conceals.
A Petticoated *Neſtor* ſhe appears,
Bending beneath unvenerable Years.
A ſhrivell'd Evidence how very ſmall
A Share of Reaſon goes to rule this Ball;
Two Reigns ſhe'd blunder'd thro' ſtill uppermoſt,
Quitted the third, nor gave the fourth for loſt.
With Manna ſtill her Tongue run o'er replete,
Thick, clammy, mawkiſh, purgatively ſweet,
And fell her Words like Hail in Summer Day,
As hard, as cold, as apt to melt away.
The *Lingua-Franca* Sediment of School
Where She miſs'd Science mark'd her ſtill more Fool;
Which, with ſix Latin Shreds, conn'd o'er with Pain,
Wove the looſe Texture of her flimſy Brain.

Now her No-meaning to expreſs ſhe ſtrives,
With all that Confidence which Nonſenſe gives.

" My Voice ſhall be for open War, oh Peers!
" It ſuits ſo well my Temper and my Years.
" Which unimpair'd preſerve their wonted Fire,
" Demand Employ, and ſcorn the Word RETIRE;
" Nor from my Shoulders think their Burthen great,
" Years do not preſs from Number but from Weight.
" Oh were I but as young, high in Renown,
" As when one H---r apparent to the C---n,
" I at a royal Chriſt'ning dar'd provoke,
" Deſerv'd his Menace, tho' I 'ſcap'd its Stroke;
" Or when, tho' ſomewhat doubled then with Age,
" The next to him I glory'd to engage!
" Witneſs ye Banks of *Cam*, that overthrow,
" When thy dull Stream had Doubts which Way to flow,

" 'Till

" 'Till I triumphant won the laurell'd Day,
" And the diſputed Title bore away!
" Forgive the Boaſts, Me, ſince they ſerve to ſhew,
" To Inſult, nor to Oppoſition new.

" That glorious Monarch, (ſo we call Him now,
" Whom when alive we treated God knows how,
" Whom ev'n the *City* now reveres, yet then
" Would not ſo much as hear of *Dettinghen*)
" Saw, when his Scepter trembled in his Hand,
" Me foremoſt in the Files of Quitters ſtand.

" Nor think I ſingle liſt in your Deſign,
" The Men who laugh at me, for me reſign,
" Themſelves from what they have in Hand ſeclude,
" While Hope of more appears like Gratitude;

" Theſe

" Theſe all increaſe your Bands with ready Aid,
" Forces the Court againſt itſelf has paid.

" Lead on, I follow, glad to have arraign'd,
" Whatever Meaſures my whole Life maintain'd:
" Convictive Contradictions come about,
" Seen in the different Lights of *in* and *out*.

" Did I its general Extent allow?
" I ſee th' Exciſe in all its Horrors now.
" Againſt the *Craftſman* did my Writ prevail,
" And ſend poor *Franklyn* o'er and o'er to Jail?
" Now, periſh'd Liberty! I mourn aloud,
" Thy Fall by Forms, which then the Law avow'd!
" Made I, of Heads like mine with Numbers more,
" Such War and Peace as ne'er were made before?

" The preſent Peace with Energy I hate,
" And kneel before the Word INADEQUATE.
" Or was my Judgment formerly inclin'd,
" To think Addreſſes ſpoke the People's Mind?
" Inſtructed, now I ſee their full Import,
" Againſt they do, but never for, a Court:
" And yet it hurts me that It is addreſs'd,
" But when by *Cambridge*, more than all the reſt"----

Th' o'erwhelming Thought ſhe could no longer bear,
But ſputt'ring ſtill to ſpeak, ſunk to her Chair.

END OF CANTO III.

PA-

PATRIOTISM,

A

MOCK-HEROIC.

CANTO IV.

IN ſtudy'd Dignity of Action ſlow,
Beſpeaking Favour with a winning Bow,
AMBITION next aroſe. Her pow'rful Lore,
Credulity preventive ſtepp'd before:
For *Eloquence*, the Cheat, had brought her up
To all the Slight-hand of the Ball and Cup;
Taught her to twiſt, and turn, and ſhew, and hide,
And make the worſe appear the better Side;

Shew'd her, to claſh how Contradictions ceas'd,
While Fact and Reaſon took what Shape ſhe pleas'd.

As the bright Stream, which Nature loves to pour
Irriguous thro' the Vale, had nurs'd each Flow'r,
Had charm'd the Ear and Eye thro' op'ning Glades,
With untaught Murmurs from unforc'd Caſcades;
But when compreſs'd thro' Pipes, as Whim prevails,
Squirts into Fans, and Suns, and Peacocks Tails:
The glitt'ring Baubles who with Wonder ſpies,
Receives the Spout at laſt in his own Eyes.

And thus ſhe ſaid: "O Thou, who doſt preſide
"O'er *Britain*'s Iſle, and all her Meaſures guide,
"Whoſe Doctrine Heav'n's own Precept far out-goes,
"Bids us love, better than ourſelves, our Foes;

Of

" O *Janus-Party!* now incline to hear
" Thy double Face and thy quadruple Ear.
" And ye, now preſent, to my Nod devote,
" Lords, and Lords Betters, Aldermen! take note
" That FOLLY to my Boſom here I bend,
" Her, my Contempt till now, but now my Friend:
" Link'd in the common Cauſe ſhe ſhall remain
" My firm Confed'rate, till I rule again.

" 'Twere needleſs here to tell, what yet you ſee
" Draws its conceal'd, dim, Origin from me---
" The Rage of Faction, when each Nerve it moves,
" He who does not diſclaim, be ſure approves.
" Behold! the Cloud, I ſaid, would threat the Land,
" That Cloud ſhall riſe in Likeneſs of this Hand,
" Pour all its Storms, directed as I pleaſe,
" And waſh away the hateful Works of Peace:

" Works, which myſelf I dar'd not bring about,
" I knew them right, but knew they'd throw me out.
" Another ventur'd, fooliſh, or ſecure
" In his own Soul, and above Luſt of Pow'r,
" Seal'd the great Deed to which his Wiſh aſpir'd,
" And unrewarded, but by That, retir'd.

" And could he think, of Peace the Foe profeſt
" Title and Penſion had inclin'd to Reſt?
" That on AMBITION's Eye Repoſe would creep,
" Lull'd by thoſe medicated Sops to ſleep?

" She who twin'd Unanimity, and ſhew'd
" The wond'ring World how firm *Britannia* ſtood,
" Can the reverted Wheel as quick incite,
" Till all the ſplitting Fibres diſunite.

" She

" She who fell Party's tortuous Folds could break,
" And ſet her Foot upon that Dragon's Neck,
" The deadly Teeth, which from thoſe Jaws ſhe drew,
" Can plant, and they can pullulate anew.
" Thoſe Grains of Diſcord giv'n to fertile Land
" Sprout rank, and faithful to the Sower's Hand.
" Yes, in ripe Harveſt ſee them nod again,
" A threatning Crop of diſcontented Men;
" Which Way to wave they from my Breath expect,
" Blame as I point, and hate as I direct.

" It grieves me FOLLY, nay it gives me Fears,---
" This foul Defection of your black Huſſars,
" Whoſe wav'ring Duty, truant from its String,
" Transfers itſelf from C-----r to K---g.
" Now by the Laurels of *Belleiſle*, my Boaſt,
" And the unnumber'd Millions which they coſt,

" Shoul'd e'er my B----h for addreſſing move,
" And honeſt A---n dare the Peace approve,
" In ſuch Contempt the Rebels I ſhould hold,
" I'd toſs them back their dirty Box of Gold!

" But ere th' Infection ſpreads, haſte we to uſe
" The Sp'rit we've been ſo happy to infuſe;
" The *Engliſh Oak-boy* as you bid him crys,
" And to roar louder firmly ſhuts his Eyes:
" He's yours at Pleaſure clos'd while they remain,
" All's over if he opens them again.
" Employ him while, all Enemies o'ercome,
" He longs for new ones in his Friends at home,
" The proper Catch-words *Party* ſhall provide,
" To range the Fools on either fooliſh Side;
" No previous Injury need rouſe their Force,
" Match but the *Broughtons*, and they hate of Courſe.

" Oh

" Oh, if we ſeize with Skill the coming Hour,
" And re-inveſt us with the Robe of Pow'r,
" Rule while we live! Let future Days tranſmute
" To ev'ry Merit all we've charg'd on BUTE;
" Let late Poſterity receive his Name,
" And ſwell its Sails with ev'ry Breath of Fame;
" Downward, as far as Time ſhall roll his Tide,
" With ev'ry Pennant flying, let it glide,
" And Truth, emerging from the Clouds we raiſe,
" Gild all their Orient Colours with her Blaze.
" Let his lov'd Arts, attendant on his Way,
" Their wanton Trophies to the Gale diſplay;
" While each diſpaſſionate, each honeſt Pen
" (Deterr'd by Clamour, nor allur'd by Gain,
" Bard or Hiſtorian) ſhall from either Shore
" Hail its Approach, and its great Courſe explore;

" Faithful

" Faithful to Probity, and Virtue's Cauſe,
" Purſue its Progreſs, and direct th' Applauſe:
" Glad Gratulation ſhall with Shouts approve,
" And own him worthy of his Sov'reign's Love."

She had proceeded, but the mingled Sound
Of arguing Voices ſpread the Table round,
Some affirm'd poſitive, ſome aſk'd perplext,
And ſome launch'd out in Notes upon the Text;
Till one more audible than all the reſt,
With ſtrong Exertion thus himſelf expreſs'd:
" Why ſit we here projecting ſome new Blow,
" Since FATE determins all Events below?
" On that Tribunal let our Envoy wait,
" And who ſo fit as FOLLY upon FATE?"

Th'

Th' Advice was grateful to the gen'ral Ear,
All beg'd that great Commiſſion ſhe would bear,
Which, bowing low, ſhe ſaid ſhould be atchiev'd,
Tho' trembling at the Honour ſhe receiv'd;
The Point thus ſettled, from the Board they move,
Diſpers'd as Pleaſure led, or Bus'neſs drove.

But FOLLY ſought her Library with Speed,
For one ſhe had for Show, but not to read,
There jumbling in her Head what ſhe thought, Thought,
How beſt to find the trackleſs Road ſhe ſought,
She choſe t' eſſay the Force of her own Prate,
Remembring to how many once 'twas Fate.

And now the myſtic Gibberiſh ſhe tried,
Something that neither promis'd nor deny'd,

But drew one on to hope, " it wiſh'd ſo well---
" And though it doubted, yet---it could not tell---
" O! my dear *What's-your-Name*, of me be ſure,
" I would a Member had not aſk'd before---
" You'll let me ſee you ſoon, by then I'll try"---
Then ſeem'd to ſqueeze a Hand, and ſaid, Good-by.

Strange Force of Charms! By this the ſolid Ground
Grew mortal ſick with the unmeaning Sound,
In ſtrong Convulſions rock'd; at length it cleft,
And a wide Opening tow'rds the Center left,
To Regions unexplor'd, which, dark and great,
Are the Domain of MYSTERY-OF-STATE.
Pond'ring a while ſhe ſtood, and wiſh'd to know
The *Calais*-Paſſage to theſe Realms below,
'Till Curioſity her Fears expung'd,
And ſhe intrepid on her Errand plung'd.

Now,

Now, as ſhe journey'd, faded on her Sight
The feeble Glimmerings of diſtant Light,
Faint and more faint the intercepted Ray
Withdrew itſelf, and died upon her Way.
And now, thro' Darkneſs, palpable, abhorr'd,
Her groping Hands the doubtful Path explor'd,
'Till nigh the Confines, where the lower Sphere
Joins to our World, but yet is ne'er the near,
Thin Streaks of budding Day ſalute her Eye
With the firſt Dawnings of the nether Sky;
For other Suns they have and Stars than we,
By which no Mortal but themſelves can ſee.

Now the receding Gloom her Sight renew'd,
And cloath'd with Form each bright'ning Object ſtood.
The opening Scene with Wonder ſhe ſurveys,
Not knowing that ſhe travell'd her own Ways,

Here for the upper Surface ſhe diſcern'd,
How Flatt'ry lay to bubling Lather churn'd,
Whoſe Bottom form'd a thicker Sediment
Of coarſe and clumſy Clergy Compliment.
This happy Compoſt with its ſupple Oil
Invigorates and opes the fertile Soil,
Calls forth each Seed of Dirt to bud and flow'r,
And trick itſelf in all the Hues of Pow'r;
While from her Urn Partiality ſupplies
The Stream, to Blood and Merit, ſhe denies.
Hence blooms th' unlearn'd Divine in all the Glow
His double-petall'd Mitre can beſtow,
Hence ſpreads the Under Clerk his ample ſhoot,
And ſtrikes in the Revenue deep his Root,
Hence high his flouriſh'd Head the Valet rears,
And hence Attornies bloſſom into Peers.

Still

Still lower, in their different Strata ſpread,
As Levity thought fit to range, were laid
Cloſe in their Shells involv'd, yet innocent,
The unhatch'd Vermin of a Government.
Here Grubs and Maggots Favour's Sun-ſhine wait,
To get new Shapes, and wing the World in State,
Or more induſtrious, ſnug, and warm as Milk,
Spin their ſoft Neſts, and wrap themſelves in Silk.
Here Snails of Office thro' their ſlimy Tracks
Crawl off at laſt with Houſes on their Backs.
Hence Worms and Earwigs in new Figures ſport,
And tinge themſelves in ev'ry Dye of Court,
'Till pinch'd with Cold, another Form they try,
And dip their varying Films in LIBERTY.
Here yet unfang'd, wriggle the Viper Race,
Which fond Adminiſtration broods in Place,

'Till

'Till fatten'd on herſelf, and fit for Strife,
They thro' her Bowels gnaw their way to Life.
Here public Zeal, the Alligator, hides
Her ſelfiſh Eggs, and for their Birth provides,
Of Incubation in no Need they ſtand,
But hatch in Popularity's hot Sand;
To prey with open Mouths away they ſcour,
Yet ſeem to mourn the Country they devour.

Now lower as ſhe went the hoary Deep
Diſcovers where the Seeds of Metals ſleep.
She ſaw, and lik'd to ſee, the plodding Head
Do the World's Bus'neſs, yet be only Lead;
That Impudence, its Copper Birth forgot,
Grows Braſs, and is important on the Spot;
That Talk and Pertneſs ſtill ſucceed by Din,
And ſhine and tinkle in the Shape of Tin;

That

That Ignorance and Meanneſs rais'd to Pow'r,
Their low Materials quickly ſilver o'er;
That Whig and Tory Principles unfold,
Their like Conſtituence, and turn to Gold.
But Wit, the Quick-ſilver, eſcap'd her View,
Or ſeeing what it was ſhe little knew,
Laſt ſaw, where Party-Gems their Rays refine,
How Patriotiſm inflames the blazing Mine.

She now perceiv'd, from this inſtructive Sight,
A kind of Reminiſcence, all was right.

The Soul is never taught, but recollects
The Traces of its prior Intellects,
Acknowleges the State ſhe held before,
And owns the beaming Shield at Troy ſhe bore.

END OF CANTO IV.

PATRIOTISM,

A MOCK-HEROIC.

CANTO V.

OF perfect Diamond a ſolid Rock,
Far from the Tempeſt's Beat and Earthquake's Shock,
Its maſſive Spurs down to the Center ſhoots,
Where endleſs Permanency binds the Roots;
Upon its Summit awefully elate
Immoveably is fix'd the Throne of FATE:
The wond'rous Pile no Mark of Structure ſhews,
Unhewn, unbuilt, the living Quarry grows.

Up

Up the ſteep Height an Iron Cauſeway tends,
And at the Footſtool of the Monarch ends;
Here FOLLY paſs'd, and as ſhe climb'd the Mound,
Hollow and loud her ſhuffling Steps reſound.

Rais'd on his Seat the hoary Sire appear'd,
And ſpread profuſe his ample Flow of Beard;
No Condeſcenſion his firm Looks avow,
Inexorable Sternneſs knits his Brow.
Around him bawl, but clam'rous to no End,
The fond Addreſſes which we Mortals ſend;
He to their Purport turns a deafen'd Ear,
Or anſwers traverſly the waſted Pray'r;
To Spenthrift Sons eternal Fathers gives,
And Health untaintable to modern Wives;
The Maiden's pious Vows are ſtill repaid
With Huſbands bad at Board, and worſe abed;

To *Britain* (every Plume of Glory won)
Sends News-papers, and all the Work's undone:
Or, juſt as Party thinks to crown her Pains,
Gives Reſolution, and the Prince ſtill reigns.

Before his Feet was plac'd, Slave of his Sway,
NECESSITY whom Men and Gods obey,
Her ſtrong Right-hand a pond'rous Hammer held,
Her left with Adamantine Nails was fill'd,
Cloſe to her Side, of Steel an Anvil roſe,
(The ſounding Anvil never feels Repoſe)
With theſe on this, as faſt as FATE aſſents,
She rivets Actions down to their Events.
Millions of *Second-cauſes* claim in vain
Their Seat uſurp'd, and urge their Right to reign;
She holds Poſſeſſion ſtill; while they purſue,
For ever, their rejected Suit anew.

On ev'ry Side, and ſcatter'd ev'ry Way,
Her finiſh'd Labours in wild Parcels lay
Unrang'd by their Importance, equal here
The Loſs of Battles, or at Whiſt appear;
A Stateſman chang'd, or Lodging newly lett,
Empires transferr'd, or Faſhions out of Date.
The Joys, the Woes, th' Extinction of Man's Race
Serve but to make the Litter of the Place.

Here, trebly clench'd the dire Injunction lay
For War t' extend his yet too narrow Sway;
Hunger or Luſt the Conteſt firſt began,
Ambition ſoon improv'd upon the Plan;
Religion next inflam'd the fell Debate,
And ſteel'd our Hearts, and edg'd our Swords with Hate;
Laſt, Commerce for an endleſs Quarrel ſtood,
And all before ſeem'd Penury of Blood.

There, was ordain'd, Law ſhould untie her Nooſe,
And ſlip the Dogs of Licence and Abuſe;
To their own Kennels' Stench familiar grown,
But pois'ning ev'ry Noſe except their own;
They with full Cry the dubious Scent explore,
And trail wherever Scandal touch'd before:
Still, oh the Shame! ſtill the loud Yelp proceeds,
And the firſt Head of all the Foreſt bleeds.

Here, in like Volume, the Decree of FATE
Forbids that Madmen ſhould divide the State;
They with abſurd, illib'ral, deſp'rate Puſh,
To ſhame ev'n Party, and make Faction bluſh,
Strive, but in vain, to alienate the Hearts
Of a whole People great in Arms and Arts;
To us, by Nature, Reaſon, Int'reſt, Blood,
Conjoin'd, and union'd by the circling Flood.

Thro' theſe as FOLLY paſs'd with tott'ring Gait,
From thinking Hurry gave an Air of State,
And tripping at the laſt unlucky Law,
(As Witches ſtumble o'er a Croſs of Straw)
She chanc'd to kick one Bundle, light it roll'd
Into Exiſtence; in it was foretold
A *Mock-heroic* ſhould employ the Pains
Of venal Quills, and Party-heated Brains.

She, on her Knees, with Hands devoutly clos'd,
At once her Meſſage and herſelf, expos'd;
To whom in anſwer FATE: "Thus far to come,
"Swell all its Rage, and laſh itſelf to foam,
"O'er ev'ry Mound of Decency to ride,
"Has been allow'd to Riot's Moon-drawn Tide;
"Here its proud Waves ſhall ſtop, the boiſt'rous Flood
"On which ye hull'd deſert you in the Mud.

"The

" The Miſts that veil the Morning of this Reign,
" The Breath of Order ſhall diſperſe again,
" Broke they ſhall ſcud before the piercing Ray,
" And add new Glories to its Burſt of Day.

" See the glad Proſpect ſhine! a Briton born,
" Whom Virtues, more than you could wiſh, adorn,
" Gives Luſtre to the Throne; whoſe Deeds confeſs
" No Thirſt of Pow'r, except the Pow'r to bleſs;
" Who from the Sceptre no Exemption draws,
" And is but the firſt Subject of the Laws;
" Ev'n *Monarch* reckons in his moral Plan,
" But ſecond Title to the HONEST MAN.

" Him, did the World deſerve, Heav'n had deſign'd
" The Sov'reign, as the Friend of all Mankind,
" Plac'd

" Plac'd as it's gentle Delegate he'd ſtood,
" And won them by Example to be good;
" Taught them the ſocial Duties how to blend,
" The Son, the Brother, Huſband, Father, Friend.---

" Rouz'd from their Dream, the Honeſt and the Wiſe
" Shall view Confuſion with abhorrent Eyes;
" Nay, the miſled ſhall ſay, while drops the Tear,
" How could our Love be ſcribbled into Fear?"
" Go, tell your Senders to revere their K--g.---
" And in your private Ear, this only thing
" Of which it can be capable, receive;
" **Folks of your Age have never long to live.**"
Nor more:---And FOLLY backward on her Way
Sullen and ſilent turn'd her Steps, tow'rds Day.

And

And, oh fair Decency! to whom we owe
That Peace and Order are Things known below,
That Man was taught, with better Aim, to puſh
Beyond his Acorn Feaſt and Bed of Ruſh,
The rugged Cavern's Shelter to diſown,
And ſeek Convenience in the peopled Town,
There to diſtinguiſh, in Subjection mild,
'Tween reaſonably free and ſtaring wild;
Do thou forgive, if ſtung with honeſt Pain,
Too far o'er Satire's far too open Plain
I urge the ſportive Steed, while I purſue
Through his own Paths, the blatant Beaſt in view.---
Do thou forgive, if e'en I, unexact,
Of his own Dirt ſome little Specks contract;
Hard were the Taſk to thrid ſo foul a Way,
And yet no plaſhing of the Soil betray.

But

But if provok'd to vindicate thy Laws,
I dip my Pen in Truth and Virtue's Cauſe,
If I, when Scandal ſhoots her Load of Shame,
Reſtore it honeſtly to whence it came;
If my ſole Aim is Licence to reſtrain,
And laugh thy Rebels home to thee again;
If, undeſirous of the Wreath of Bays,
Nor over tickliſh to the Straw of Praiſe,---
Unaſk'd, unpromis'd, if theſe Lines I pour,
Conviction-drawn, but from my Soul abhor
The Name of Satiriſt, who to his Share
Needs but an Ear to rhime, and Front to dare,
To hide his ſplendid Bile in moral Maſk,
And ſet himſelf at once about his Taſk;---
As a rough Water-Dog, New-England's Breed,
Freſh plaiſter'd from ſome Pond with Mud and Weed,

Round from his Fleece the dirty Puddle ſhakes
Rejoicing in the Spatter that he makes!—

If Theſe my Motives, not alone forgive,
But bid this JUST RETALIATION, live;
While Libels, when they've flouriſh'd for a ſpirt,
Fall like their Brother Leaves, and rot to Dirt.

FINIS.